

Oooooohh!

The Innis Herald

INSIDE:

A Teary Goodbye

Gravestock On Lambs

Nothing On Costner's "Dances With Cameras"
(Not Even A Pan, As Would Be Expected)

Green Master Plan: A Mid-Term Report

Alas! Bogosity Almost At An End

ALSO:

Film Society Schedule



RIVER ST. 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100



The Innis Herald is published (roughly) monthly by the Innis College Student Society and is printed by Weller Publishing Company Ltd. The opinions expressed herein are attributable only to their authors. Letters to the editor should be addressed to The Editor, Innis College, 2 Sussex Ave., Toronto, Ont., M5S 1J5.



"You can't have everything. Where would you put it?"
-Steven Wright

The Editor Is Dead ... Long Live The Editor!

My mother says that I can never stay on topic in my editorials. I explained to her that my intention was to touch the lives of as many of my fellow students as possible, thus it was essential that I ramble on about any old thing that came into my head, so that I could hit on many topics and spread my warmth and cheer around as far (some people would say as thin) as possible. I assured my dear ma that this predilection of mine has nothing to do with lazy thinking or a lack of something intelligent to say. I could say lots of intelligent things (really, I could), but I save all that stuff for my essays. Here... well, lets just say that here I can sit back, crack an Ex and pour my heart and mind out to you, my reader. If my mind seems a little scattered and my heart a little jumpy, don't let it worry you. I assure you that it's all an intentional strategy on my part, that I can be as controlled and uptight as the next power-sucking newspaper mogul. Slovenly rhetoric does not come easy to me; however, years of careful cultivation have paid off. In short: Love me, love my sloppy prose.

But it may turn out after all that this particular editorial has a certain organic unity, for the topic this month is leave-taking. Would you like five hundred words on this issue? I think I could do it, if you will kindly pardon a few minor digressions that will surely poke their noses into this business. Why have I chosen this theme? For many reasons. First, I am graduating this year (yaaaat), after six painful, gnelling, hard-working... oh who the hell am I kidding? The reason it took six years to finish is precisely due to the fact that I have a problem with this work-ethic thing. Hard work just doesn't seem, well, fun. And, unlike mixed nuts, it doesn't go well with martinis. I could blame martinis for my downfall, but to be honest the little blighters are just a symptom of a much larger illness, diagnosed by my best friend as "Procrastilethargy". Anyone with this affliction (basically, all my friends) will suffer as I have. The result? A triple-olive, shaken-not-stirred, on-the-rocks education. Am I complaining? Indeed I am not. I

have enjoyed my stay at U of T. I just hope that post-university life will not be one long hang-over.

So (as I stay on my topic of leave-taking) it is time to say some goodbyes. A lot of people contributed to the Herald this year. You know who you are, and so do I, with the possible exception of "Wet Lounge", who I am not sure knows what century this is. Wet's contributions have been great though; we only wish we could have gotten more, but there were no W's listed under "Lounge" in the phonebook, so alas we met with frustration. Some serious thanks are in order, however, so I'll get on with it:

To Steve, who probably spent more time on the paper than any other assistant editor, I wish to express my profoundest gratitude. If you ever run out of yellow scratch pads buddy, you know who you can come to. Steve coined the most triumphant of Heraldian phrases, and to be sure we have had our fair share of "horrendous bogosity" this year. The difference between us and the Varsity is that we admit it, wallow in it, smear it all over ourselves in gleeful abandon, and sometimes don't even shower for days. Steve, of course, denies any such activities. This Pauline Kael wannabe has this to say: "Madonna rules and the Grateful Dead suck!"

To Mole, who dug up and scurried over to the office many an article from the funky subterranean depths that only he knows and frequents, I say so long and thanks for all the help. Are you really an insectivore, like your furry namesake? If you're interested, I know someone seriously into earthworms. I could get you in touch.

To Jackie, our dedicated environmentalist (although mysteriously absent from this issue) and token Concerned Citizen, may all your Christmases be green. Kermit would be proud.

To David, who produced 75% of the artwork and a few articles (and unfinished short stories) to boot, all all of us girls ask that you devote your pen to some naked men in the near future. Sure, there was that one drawing of a penis (big, and super close-up) that I didn't have the guts

to run, but how about some gentle nudes, maybe of De Niro or Pacino? Yeah, that would be good, and give them real firm butts and massive pecs, and... Oh God, there's that nasty objectification of the human body stuff. But it's okay if it's men, they can take it because they're big and tough (especially if you draw them that way, okay David?). Thanks for producing on demand and taking requests; you're a consummate professional. David says: "Sorry. I love chicks."

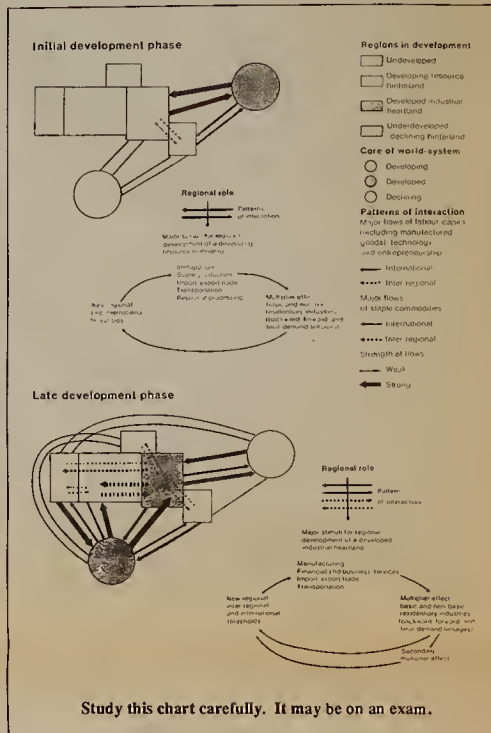
To Brian, who spent long hours in the Herald office writing long articles when he'd rather be home watching Entertainment Tonight, I can only say thank-you for your generosity and verbosity. A dark and moody-looking fellow, Brian reminds us of a young Elvis and is a vision in a pant-suit. Thanks for takin' care of business, son.

To Sharon and Enzo, who spent long, boring (?) hours tip-tapping away on this keyboard, much to the delight and relief of the Herald's editors -- it's not a glamorous job and if it's been thankless let me say just how thankful we all are. Merci, Grazie. Also to Rosie, Enzo's little red Honda, who was responsible for getting the paper where it wanted to go, I owe a debt of gratitude. Maybe I'll give you a little buff sometime, baby.

To Jen, who got me started in September and never got an article in on time (or an essay, for that matter), I say gracias. It is rumoured that Jenny is the original "chick" in "chiquita" (20 million Spaniards can't be wrong); all I can confirm is that she drinks like a fish, not a bird.

So those are my specific thanks. I also offer general thanks to everyone who contributed everything from incomprehensible rants to divinely inspired prose. I include myself, of course, in the latter category. I have truly enjoyed my stint as Editor of the Innis Herald. I hope others have too.

But I am happy to hand over the reins to two very creative, intelligent and goofy comrades. Next year, the editor will be Nancy Friedland and co- or assist-editor will be Young-Ha Cho. You'll like them. Ciao.



The Innis Herald

March, 1991; Volume 25, Issue 6

The paper that's gonna get you in trouble some day.

Editor-on-the-way-out: Karen Sumner

Arts Editor: Steve Gravestock
Random Thoughts Editor: Mole
Environmental Editor: Jackie Gilhooley

Contributors:
Sean Fisher, Robert Pyne
John Lash, Ira Jewfaw
Wet Lounge, Jenny Friedland
David Sumner, Blitz
Chris Hunter, James Anderson
OPIRG/UTEC, Ryan Harris
Brian Morgante

Illustrations:
Brian Poehlman, Kate Mackay,
David Sumner, Lesley Turner

Rhetorical Ants



Pigs and Cows

Dear Editor:

Yes, this is it all right...the end of the river. The other day I had a Realization -- it was like being shot with a diamond bullet right through the forehead.... We have no right to judge the Varsity staff...we have the right to kill them, pig after pig, cow after cow...we must have men who are moral, but at the same time can call upon their primordial instinct to hate the Varsity, without feeling, without compassion, but most of all, without judgement. Drop the bomb. Incinerate them all!

Sincerely,
Walter E. Kurtz



1-3 hours
20 times

Hi Walt. While we at the Herald know where you're coming from (but not how you got out), we have decided that this paper must and will always be a trend-setter, not a follower. Therefore, because it is the popular opinion that the Varsity sucks doorknobs; that our student levies get flushed down the just-correctly-left-enough toilet in issue after issue; that Simple Sewell can only see one side of one idea at any one time (if he squints violently and stares at it hard enough); and that that idea of difference, disunity, dissent and other expressive d-words have been squashed under the flabby back-end of liberalism ...

in short, because the Varsity is now so unicompassly disliked, we at the Herald promise to never publish a word against our honorable colleagues-in-print. We wish to lead the way ... to set new standards ... to squash all ill-will and have it replaced with a warm-tummy feeling. What's so funny about peace, love and understanding? Light a candle, kiss an enemy and read the Varsity. I have heard that such acts of charity will be rewarded by a Very Important Person.

Bogus Burgess

Dear Editor:

Upon receiving the last issue of the Herald, I eagerly turned to read the long-awaited conclusion to the story "A Mid-Winter's Tale". You can imagine my disappointment when I discovered that Part Two was nowhere to be found. What gives? Were you unable to secure the rights to the whole piece? Or have you realized that the stark beauty of the unrelenting ponderous narrative is too lofty to be run in your modest rag? Or, as I suspect, is the issue one of censorship? Is Part Two so hideously horrifying and depraved that the editorial board has decided not to risk upsetting the delicate



6 hours
48 times

moral balance of your repressed readers by printing it?

Just want to know,
Anthony Burgess

Very funny, David. Why don't you tell us why we didn't print it. Was it, perhaps, because you couldn't even pound out the next sentence in the story, let alone the entire Part Two? Could that have had something to do with it? Talk about repressed. Look, no more letters signed by celebrities praising your own work, okay? We at the Herald have a certain reputation to maintain.



24 hours
100 times

Really Reed

Dear Editor:

A triumphant season. I laughed, I cried. It was everything to me.

Reed Reed

Gee, Mr. Reed, we had no idea you were even aware of our pathetic little existence. Our Steve Gravesstock was particularly thrilled to hear from you. You have, in just a few banal lines, validated Steve's life and work. Thank-you sir. Thank-you for reading us. Thank-you for loving us.

Anti-Ranting

Dear Editor:

I need to express my concern over Sisyphus. It's true that I've been known to bitch and complain, and certainly I've exhibited a fair amount of silliness in my day, but I can get away with it. After all, at least I'm funny. And hell, I used to be the editor. But I am not at all impressed with Sisyphus' articles and I have only this to say to him: either quit ranting like an imbecile or go back to high school where suggestions like, "these people should have their privates frozen etc." might be more welcome. Besides, what kind of an idiot thinks that anyone who talks in a tutorial is a "self-important prat"? It takes one to know one y'know.

Jenny Friedland



Bourassa Begs

Allo Mille. Hediteur!

We in Quebec 'ave a question dat we ask of you, the cheri journal dat you are. It is dat when we aliez away de Canada, you are coming wit us, n'est-ce pas? Come wit us and drink Piat D'Or (de one widout de edge) and manger brioche and tortierre amongeur dye fleur de lis. And Les Canadiennes, dey are tres superiere over Les Feuilles, non? L'Herald is le journal chosen (by

referendum) to lead les Quececois "out of de frying pan, and into de fire", as dey say. Come wit us! Mon Dieu -- what a time we will 'ave togedder!

R.S.V.P
Robert Bourassa

Throw in some brie, and we're yours. But seriously, Robert, your ship is sinking fast. Be confornted with the knowledge that there will always be a place for you here, at the Herald, if you abandon ship. We're in the market for a food and wine editor, mon ami.



Random Thoughts

Information, Censorship and Action

Blitz

1) The one advantage that humans have over animals is the ability to think: that is, to assimilate information into a "grid" that we call "reality". The better a person is able to assimilate information, the better they think.

2) "Noise" is a term meaning content-free transmission. That is, the person receiving the transmission derives no information from it. However, every transmission possesses at least a small amount of information, if only the kind of noise it is and its source or direction. Some kinds of noise have so little information value that it is not worthwhile, we being mortal beings, to decipher them. Other, more information-rich transmissions, are categorized as noise because we are not willing to accept their information.

3) Most "grids", once formed, quickly become restrictive unless they have built-in allowances for growth.

4) "Information" is a two-way street: the receiver influences the information transmitted as much as the sender. What may appear to be information to the sender may, due to blockage, be noise to the receiver. The reverse is also true. As well, both parties may agree that there is a transmission of information but may differ on what the information is.

5) To think well is to organize information into a grid. But most people take the grid for reality -- this is comparable to judging the alphabetical order of books as being the most important thing about them. This results in information being received as noise, due to its incompatibility with the grid -- and no grid can contain everything -- or being received as differing in content from what the sender intended, as part of the mind's attempt to fit it into the grid. The logical thing to do

would be to expand the grid, and the easiest way of doing this is to include in the grid the information that it does not include all of reality.

6) The grid is necessary, to enable us to access stored information and to deal efficiently with the vast majority of incoming information that is routine and will fit into nearly any grid of human construction.

7) An analogy: If your alphabet only goes up to "Q", the reception of a book by Robert Redford should not cause you to dump all your alphabetized books on the floor. Nor should it cause you to assume that the "R" is a funny-looking "B". Your grid should be constructed with the assumption that it does not (can not) contain everything, and thus be open to revision.

8) Given "4", it is obvious that not all information is what we would call "facts". This does not mean that non-factual information is unimportant or wrong; just that it cannot be proved to be true for all, i.e., that it is subjective. Depending on your grid, you may attach a variety of meanings to the fact of your genitalia, one of which might be, "because I have a penis/vagina, I am superior to those who have a vagina/penis". If conveyed as information, this is clearly non-factual. However, given the situation, to know that a person thinks this may be vitally important. Having non-factual information in your grid is inevitable, and not necessarily a bad thing ("bad" itself is usually non-factual), but it is important to be able to realize what parts of your grid fall into this category.

9) Our only way of perceiving our environment is through the reception of information. All information is thus valuable in keeping our world-view as complete as possible. Obviously, however, all information is not equally valuable to all people (see "2"); given our finite life span,

we must pick and choose.

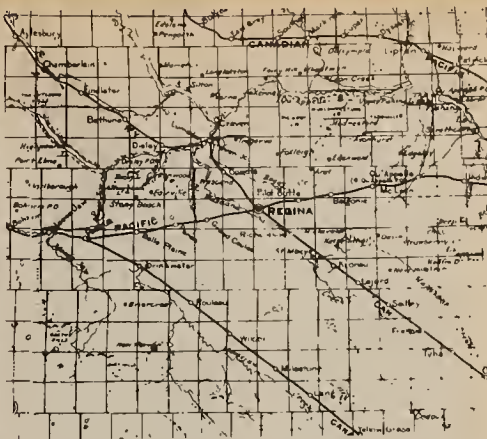
10) If the most complete understanding of the environment (physical and mental) is desired, whether for itself or for the use it can be put to in formulating effective ways to achieve one's goals, then while not all information can be assimilated (due to mortality), none must be prohibited by reason of its subject or language use. Censorship is an anti-intelligence force.

11) Censorship is often caused by those "in power" (those who believe that government positions give them power over others) having a restricted grid, one that cannot expand, and thus they attempt to stop the transmission of all information that their grid cannot accept.

12) Information is morality-free, as morality is a part of the grid, a deduction that comes from the modes of analysis of information. Information is neither "good" nor "bad". Even when action results from the receipt of information, labellings of "good" and "bad" (though more justifiable) are still subjective.

13) As yet, energy-free transmission of information is not possible for us. Therefore, all information is transmitted through the expenditure of energy; therefore, on a deep level, all information is action. This is not relevant macroscopically, but it is microscopically.

14) Restate the Logos.



H-Bomb Fooleries

Remember the trumpet player at St. George and Bloor, moons ago (?) Rode by, wave of synchronicity, music on my radio, filling my ears. Yes, the trumpet in tune with my Walkman's song. Beautiful (.)

Tips for enjoying this summer, and the rest of your life(s) -- same thing, ya no:

d) How to deal with all questions asked relating to philosophy, and the meaning of life.

As the Buddha said: "Don't ask me silly questions." Then smack 'em in the consciousness with a bit of common sense, like: "Let's hack!"

i) Don't kill anything. You'll be reborn as a slug.
j) Don't kill a buddha. Trust me, it's really bad karma. You'll be reborn as a Republican.

Captain Beefheart quote of the equinox: "Sam with the showing scalp flat top, particular about the point it made."

The immortal, ever-loving, omniscient, friendly, neighbourhood Wet Lounge.

Reinhold's "Wanderlust"

Reinhold

Well, I must first confess that as of yet, I still have not found a cafe worthy of your attention... maybe next year. I was also very disappointed to find that The Vikings "pub" is in fact a restaurant. I forewent the intrepid traveller that he will find absolutely no Norsemen in this all too civilized tavern. Imagine my disenchantment when, upon chancing this locale, I failed to enter a chamber enveloped in mirthful belly-laughter, filled with the clinking of malt-ale filled steins, garulous boasting of successful raids in Constantinople, or even the scent of a roasting boar in a spit. I had first conjured images of taking my usual place amongst the chieftains, turning to Knut while swilling a hearty draft, and thereafter making libations to the mighty gods in Valhalla for our good fortunes abroad. Instead, we have here an establishment which disdains the use of both hands while eating, possesses a charming wine list while lacking a skilled bard, and one that would likely turn you out for running some pompous rogue through with tempered steel. However, in lieu of a local jaunt, I have elected to share my reading week exploits of one night in Jamaica, for it was spent in true wanderlust spirit.

My precious first impressions of this country's people came to me whilst meandering about a commercial street in Montego Bay. I was almost fed up with the constant hustling of goods and services, feeling much like the rope in a tug of war. Initially appalled with these mercenary vendors, I almost made the same infamous mistake of the tourist; that is, to turn your head away and keep to yourself, frequenting the charter tours and

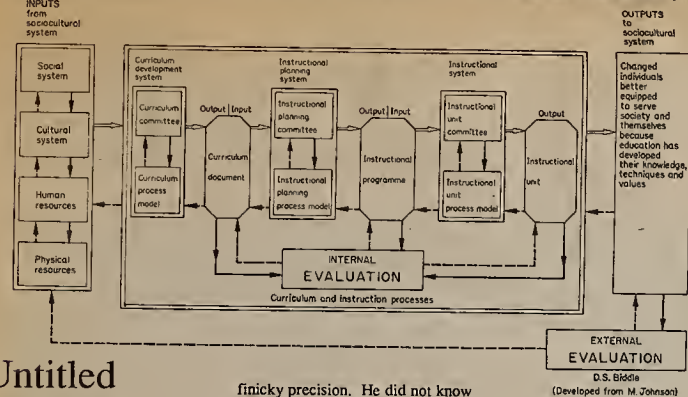
private beaches. Thankfully, a drawn-out conversation with a cabbie by the name of Curtis salvaged me from this conservative outlook. He managed to point out the merits of the "raggamuffin", one who "takes time to talk to the natives, if ya know what I'm sayin'", as compared to the tourist. In the eyes of the Jamaicans, this is what distinguishes us from the Americans. We take the time to socialize while the Americans only flaunt their cash. In my opinion it is the responsibility of all Canadians abroad to sustain this respect -- otherwise, please tell them that you're from Texas or something.

With this new-found outlook on life and travel, I managed to secure the respect and camaraderie of many new friends. I likewise spent several hours on the pier talking to a fellow named Rusty (originally mistaken for Rasta), as the Caribbean sun settled down in the ocean. We exchanged thoughts concerning Peter Tosh, Marley, and even Jimmy Cliff's own record store. We rambled on about peace, oppression, Rastafarianism and "ganja", bringing me much closer to an understanding of that beautiful country and its people. Later on, Rusty and our friend Anthony (a reggae performer and DJ) invited me to the party of parties that night, suggesting that I was quite fortunate to be visiting at that time.

They picked me up around nine in an eight cylinder Chevy, which certainly made its presence felt much to the chagrin of the proprietor of my \$24 a night bargain guest house. Later on, after hopping into a jalopy of a Lada, all decked out in chrome, tinted windows and a suspension that could cope with its million GigaWatt stereo belting out home-cut reggae tunes, which served as a stereotypical taxi, we

rumbled up into the mountains for what seemed like hours. I found myself in the hugest expanse of ghetto that I have ever seen, the social imbalance between our countries overwhelming. However, here I was witness to the greatest gathering of spirit and emotion, all of us succumbing to the live reggae and remixes of classic material. Despite being the only white among fifteen-hundred blacks, I was made to feel at home with the stoutish Red Stripe beer, the latent ganja fumes inhaled like oxygen and the reassurances from my friends that I was safe so long as I did not stray from them. In short, it was the most exhilarating, ambivalent experience of my life; I was naturally terrified that I would never see home again, but was also having the best time of my life.

This remarkable evening managed to wind itself down with a hot meal of goat curry and leg of something with rice (warmly provided by my peers), a few moments of spurned solicitations from prostitutes (little did they know they were dealing with a bankrupt student) and some ganja consumed with an officer looking on only as if he expected a share. I was very fortunate to be there at all, after coming down from the mountain in yet another Lada-taxi (with all occupants seeing triple) travelling just under the speed of sound around hairpin turns and drop off cliffs. In retrospect, I learned many things. First, by taking time for the natives, I was a ragga-muffin for a glorious day rather than a tourist. Second, I learned what Marley meant by "one love" and "one blood". And finally, I discovered that ganja could indeed be the key to the procurement of world peace and that "in Jamaica, it is not a drug, it is a natural herb." That's all for this month (year)?...



Untitled

James Anderson

I lay in the very back seat of the van as it clattered down the highway. From the sound of the engine I guessed that Moe was pushing just above the speed limit. Although I stared only at the loops of the carpet on the floor, I could picture the city's skyline behind us, the sun glaring post-card pink off the glassy buildings. I could imagine it growing smaller in the rear-view mirror. I imagined the last four years there as a series of post-cards; at night, winter, summer, sunset. I could picture myself walking or riding through streets not shown in these cards, visiting coffee shops and friends' houses. A school I went to could barely be seen in the right hand corner. I felt I was being carried out in an ambulance.

As the sky darkened, the dashboard lights began to glow an incandescent green and I could see Moe's elbow propped on the big steering wheel. He moved the wheel jerkily. Moe couldn't run the old VW perfectly. His cars were not attuned to the rhythm of the engine's

finicky precision. He did not know how to ease the aging transmission into its troublesome third gear, nor did he care. He nervously kept the lines in the right place and that was all that really mattered, that the thing kept rolling and didn't stop for too long.

From up front the radio mumbled and buzzed, keeping Moe company as the night air drifted. I could tell the sky was clear. I imagined the van among the darkened hills, two points of light under so many stars, and the city blazed somewhere behind, but too far away to hinder the clarity of the night sky. These things were clear to me without even looking out the windows. I drifted in and out of sleep.

As I slipped back into a shallow sleep, I began to concentrate on the engine beneath. My mind sifted through each component of engine and out through the wheels. I could hear the rotor whizzing around, blasting sparks to each cylinder, pushing pistons, turning the crank shaft which turned the aging transmission with the troublesome third gear to twist the drive shafts that moved the wheels and in this manner we rolled away.

Cash Through Chaos

Ira Jewfag

Okay so I'm sitting here in Innis Library and it's like 3:30 in the afternoon. I'm sitting here to work on my screenplay. Preliminary feelings: I don't know why exactly, but I'm carrying around a lot of anger at the moment. I'm feeling oppressed and I guess I'm looking for evidence to support that feeling.

I just came back from Book City where I read an article in the Advocate about Roseanne. It had an interview too. Good article, real positive. She says there's going to be gay characters on the show real soon. So then I went back to the shelf to put the magazine back and I realized all the gay papers and feminist periodicals and shit are kind of relegated to this side shelf which is almost invisible -- a shelf I only discovered because I caught Roseanne's smiling eyes from the cover of the magazine.

It all came down to visibility -- or lack of it. Okay so that pissed me off and then I got to thinking about the magazines I sorta grew up with

like The Face and I.D., and the reason I got to thinking about that was I saw this trendy guy in a baseball cap as I was leaving the store and saw he was looking through Blitz magazine and I thought hmmm how interesting, I wonder what kind of relevant info he's getting out of that. And then I just had these feelings of hate, because I thought this guy's a closet case and he's wasting his life away on style and on what's fuckin' "in" and... and... I never ever came across anything in those magazines that said anything positive about gayness or that made me like who I was or helped me at least to stop hating myself.

In the world of those "hip" magazines I was just a consumer and it was supposedly important for me to keep up with the latest styles, books, records, etc., to show how cutting edge I was. But whose cutting edge was it anyway? Those magazines were tipping me off on someone else's trip, and I feel duped by it all.... People cash in on our alienation from ourselves.

How We Live

How we work -- and how we play
How we pass the time of day
What we see and what we learn
What we do with what we earn
All the effort that we make
All the things we give and take
We are above the lowly beast
And of the stars we live beneath
If we could but know the truth
The life we'd live would be our proof.

John E. Lash

A Scholar's Doubt

In every scholar there's a doubt
That what they learn or read about
Might be the views of biased minds
Or hollow thoughts of many kinds.

The only hope that they can hold
Is to pursue the quest for old
And ancient answers for the reason
Why the truth is but a vision.

John E. Lash

Random Thoughts

Check Please, Chekov, I'm Done

David Sumner

March 20

Invited to Chekov play. Feel embarrassed because only Chekov I know sits at the helm of the Enterprise, speaks in a bad Russian accent and zaps Romulans. But invitation includes expensive dinner. Poor and hungry, I must accept. Still no progress on story. Beginning to despair.



March 21

Made inquiries re: this Chekov fellow (the playwright). Facts are not forthcoming. Told to expect little action. A colleague lets slip that I may see a real live dead seagull on stage. My spirits lift at this revelation. I feel reckless: spend last of money on beer. Had brilliant idea for short story, but forgot it.



The Supremest of All Bullshits

Jenny Friedland

If I were someone else it would no doubt behoove me to lament that my days here at UofT are almost at an end. But I lament not. Indeed, while these past hundred years of undergraduate study have certainly furnished some good times, I find that I leave this fine institution of higher education with more of a feeling of frustration than any sense of regret. Back in the days when I was young and foolish -- when I followed the belief that anybody older than me had to know what they were talking about -- I was content. If I received a lousy grade I assumed I deserved a lousy grade. If a professor told me that it was important to understand what Rochester was *thinking* when he wooed Jane Eyre then I believed that it must be. Hell, in those days I even handed my papers in on time.

But somewhere along the line I became disgruntled and, if I'm not mistaken, this occurred right about the time that I began to think for myself. Oh how I rue the day that I first became aware of how useless it was to come to class if the professor -- that great fount of knowledge whose job it is to *teach* -- was only going to recount the plot of a book I'd already read; how I lament that moment when first I noticed that my progress in Spanish conversation should not have been marked according to how well the native speakers in the class could *hablan*; when I began to question why native speakers were allowed in the class to

begin with. Yes, at some point I gained insight into just a little of the bullshit upon which our UofT rests and that's when I *bid adieu* to my halcyon days and prepared myself for the years and years of frustration which were bound to follow.

And follow they did: More fairly unstimulating professors; TA's that graded you according to their own PhD standards; still more low grades in Spanish conversation; and, worst of all, the Frustration *Extraordinaire del mundo*: ACCESS. Now I can certainly understand the logic behind the system -- that we are an institution of many, that old ways ought to give way to new, that we must not upset the fire marshall etc. -- but truly, in my worst nightmares I could not envision a system that so blindly follows its agenda with as little consideration for the actual student. I am sure there are a select few that have not been kicked around by Access but I can only surmise that these few must have had a lousy childhood and are thus very easy to please. After all, at its very least Access has removed ninety-nine percent of a student's opportunity to "shop around", as they used to say in the good old days. (And I will remind you that shopping is not just a privilege, it's a right. After all, nobody buys something for three hundred dollars without trying it on.) Not only will Access allow you to enroll in just six courses but worse, it will not allow you to enroll in more than one of the same section. And since most of us are not omniscient, what this means is that you must guess which

The play. Missed much of first act. Recognize one of the actors as the family acquaintance notorious for once driving my sister to hysterics by pretending to kill himself with plastic sword. I entertain some form of revenge but the martinis and good food overwhelm me. I doze; programme slips embarrassingly from my hand. Appearance of real live dead seagull rouses me. Where did they get it? Is it legal?

The Interval. Coffee and Mr Christie cookies. Urinate. Read about life of Chekov.



Second Half: Dark and despairing, some destruction of innocence, some realization of limitations. The seagull returns neatly stuffed. Take the streetcar home, with escort trailing long loose thread from unravelling coat. I am depressed.

EUCHRE TOURNAMENT For the United Way

A New Date (due to the strike).

Saturday, April 6th, 1991
6 - 6:15 pm -- registration
6:15 - 9 pm -- tournament

The Debates Room, Hart House

Many, many prizes.... 1st prize is a set of encyclopedias.

\$5 per team.

Must Bring a deck of cards and a partner.
Everybody Welcome!



Mother

a rustic sense

an able body

a sharp mind

Wants me to cut my fingernail where a crumb of cookie has lodged itself.

She does it for me removing a trouble spot

Showing me pictures I'll never remember,

Caught in the middle,
I see a reflection of myself
hard to pull off
Belonging to such masculine pleasures
I won't blossom forth,
no matter how much I seem to owe her
constantly on my mind;

-- waiting expectantly

that right time of mind.

Reasonably, we still fit together
I taking my time
Relaxing in that frame of mind
(that bundle of nerves)

who cares?

She has hers, I have mine.
Everything is set in place

i can't wait to get out.

Robert Pyne

professor will be best at teaching, for example, Shakespeare. And if it ends up being one of those profs who stress the importance of what Shakespeare might have been wearing when he penned *Richard II*, and totally ignores the language of the bard, then, needless to say, you are fucked.

Nothing, however, is nearly so frustrating as when you know what you want and you know who you want it from but are unable to get it for reasons that make no sense whatsoever. And on that note, let us consider my own woeful tale of misery and sorrow.

Being that I'm not omniscient, I had no idea that Prof. K- would be as good as he was until I had taken a course with him in first term. But when I tried to enroll in his course for second term, I found, of course, that it was full. Needless to say, this was most disappointing and so every day I went to my friendly registrar to see if space had become available. But none did and before you knew it the last day to enroll was upon me. Now I ask, does it make any sense that the last day to enroll would also be the last day to drop without monetary penalty? Is it not logical that most people who were going to drop a course would probably wait until the last moment, when they would be most certain? Is it not absurd that when they do, it is too late for anyone else to pick up their spot? These questions and more were racing through my mind when my registrar said, "Fear not, we'll get you in by the Golden Rod" and I thought hmmm how interesting.

Well it turned out that the Golden Rod required nothing more kinky than my getting permission from both the professor and the department that would allow me to enroll after the last day, provided that space became available. And having yet to be in a class where people didn't drop out even when they would only get back eighty percent of their fee, I thought that my chances would be good. So I get the Golden Rod and I come back to the registrar's office and what do I learn? I learn that the class has been capped. And I ask, "what is this, this capping?" and they explain, "it is capping, is what it is" and I ask, "for what purpose does it serve, this capping?" and they respond, "for the purpose of the capping" which in english means that the Almighty Administration that runs the Almighty Access has decided that it doesn't matter if I desperately want this course and am willing to attend the class and do the work even with the risk that no space will become available because they have discovered that their paperwork becomes significantly less if they can shut down courses that are apparently full. In other words, even if the entire class had unanimously decided to enlist in the army and join the Gulf War and the professor was sitting alone in an empty classroom, I would still not be able to get into the course because, yes indeed, the course had been capped.

Okay, so my scenario is a little extreme but I know now, for a fact, that eighteen people are currently enrolled in this course that was

capped at twenty. And therefore, the risk that I would have been taking in staying in the course would have paid off if Access hadn't brought down its neat, fascist ruling that served only to please the administration.

Clearly this is the supremest of all bullshits. In all my years I can honestly say that I have had only three (3, III, trois) professors that I've really and truly dug and one of these was teaching the course that the administration's lofty rule out of nowhere prevented me from taking. Needless to say, I am most grievously bummed right out and have been so for quite time. But enough *Wefching*, as we say around the passover table.

I hope I haven't let my dear readers down by straying from my usual wit and nonsense. I really had no intention of waxing so damn critical but hell, sometimes you've just got to deal with the issues (journalism with a capital J and all that rot). Then again, maybe it's this passover thing. Beer, after all, is one of the many forbidden foods this week and I guess I'm just not my usual self when I don't have my Ex. Who knows, perhaps I should sum up my entire UofT experience with those immortal words of Led Zeppelin and say, "good times, bad times, you know I've seen a few etc." Or maybe I should just shut up and acknowledge my fear that graduation will be too much like the season finale of *Knots Landing*. Sure, I look forward to the conclusion, but what the hell am I going to do when it's over?

Ooooooh! Here Comes The Boogeyman

Steve Gravestock

Jonathan Demme's latest, *Silence of the Lambs*, recasts the psycho-killer / slasher flick mold according to feminist lines. The heroine, Clarice Starling (Jodie Foster), is an eager FBI trainee caught between two worlds: one potentially but frequently hostile and one totally hostile.

Clarice is inexperienced and in a predominantly male work place. The other law enforcement officers (virtually all male) treat her as if she's from another planet while her superior, Jack Crawford (Scott Glenn), uses her to obtain information he needs to solve a case. (To be fair, Crawford isn't presented in completely negative terms; he's more of a shadowy, Magwitch-type figure, someone who knows a little too much about the world and doesn't share enough of his knowledge to make you feel comfortable around him.) The fellow professional Clarice has the most trouble with is Dr. Chilton (Anthony Head) who crudely comes on to her, then humiliates and harrasmes her, and finally stabs her in the back (professionally). Other men just oggle Clarice -- rudely and ostentatiously.

Clarice is at even greater risk because of the assignment Crawford gives her. He sends her to interview Dr. Hannibal (aka the Cannibal) Lecter, the most notorious serial killer in custody. Crawford believes that Lecter can help them apprehend an active killer known as Buffalo Bill. Lecter uses Clarice for psychological and sexual titillation -- being a former shrink and total psycho, he likes to mess with people's minds -- and for other reasons which I can't divulge without ruining the film for those who haven't seen it.

At the same time, Clarice is absolutely essential to the FBI effort to capture Buffalo Bill.

On the positive side, *Silence* crudely but effectively drives home the alienation and discrimination women experience when they enter a traditionally male work place, and it dramatizes the discomfort women feel when men treat them openly as physical objects just as crudely and effectively. In addition, there's no romance to soften the obstacles Clarice encounters.

There are also instructive, positive

images of power: neither Clarice nor Buffalo Bill's intended victim roll over and accept victim status. Clarice doesn't rely on men, though she does have to deal with them and suss them out. The movie doesn't reiterate the conventional psychosexual aspects of thrillers either. Clarice is never sexually threatened; she's no damsel in distress. Though she faces two supremely threatening figures, Clarice is only endangered when she acts as an FBI agent. In other words, she encounters danger in the same way and for the same reasons a male detective would.

However, the film can't escape its psycho-killer/slasher flick origins and they wind up infecting and undercutting its political credibility. The film operates almost strictly on good and evil terms. Clarice represents good. She's intelligent and concerned. Though she's ambitious, she cares most about rescuing Buffalo Bill's current intended victim. Moreover, since Clarice hasn't quite acquired power she cannot, according to liberal demonology, be anything but good. Clarice isn't even a character. She really only has two emotional states: fear and tension. (Jodie Foster's tense, edgy acting style convinces people that there's a character there and that's a tribute to her, not to the director or the screenwriter Ted Tally.)

Lecter represents pure evil. He's not a sociopath or a psychopath or even human. He's a boogeyman, the devil. The first hard fact we hear about him is that, during an escape attempt, his heartbeat never rose above normal even when he ate the attending nurse's tongue. Later, we find out that he has supernatural cunning and strength; he knows all (Buffalo Bill may have been one of his patients), tells some, and apparently eats everything. Traditionally, the devil is a gentleman and Lecter's one of the few men who treats Clarice courteously at any time.

Essentially, Lecter is Jason with a PhD and an English accent. He's not given a more complex personality than the guy with the goalie mask, just a bigger vocabulary.

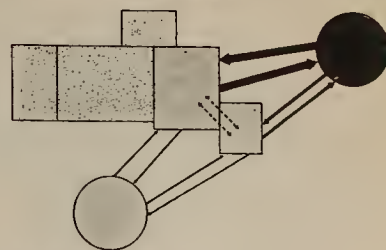
Lecter's clearly the principal villain, vastly more significant than Bill. The filmmakers implicitly compare them and though they offer

explanations for Bill's actions -- he's a cipher searching for an identity, he thinks he's a transsexual though he isn't; he was abused as a child; etc. -- they never come close to offering an explanation for Lecter's actions. Lecter's not belittled by psychoanalysis. Next to Lecter, who plots everything out, Bill looks clumsy and pathetic. Clarice's ongoing psychological battle with Lecter dominates the movie dramatically. Encounters with the devil always do. Even the scenes in Bill's cave -- where he's preparing to slaughter his next victim -- seem like a digression next to Clarice's encounters with Lecter.

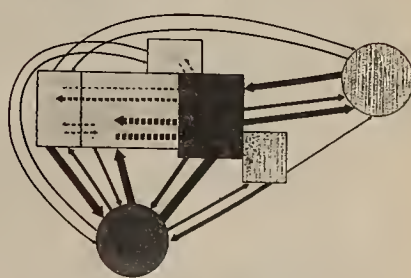
Dramatically and emotionally, the film's "critique" of patriarchy obscures and depends on its slasher flick good and evil morality. Crawford's actions appear ominous because the filmmakers connect him with Lecter. Crawford's office is dark and visually prefigures Lecter's cell. Like the Doctor, Crawford is a power figure and, like Lecter, he withholds information from our heroine. The ogling scenes would have stuck out as ideological points rather than augmenting the constant tension if it wasn't for the sense of pervasive rot Lecter's presence gives the film. Lecter validates Clarice's uneasiness; he gives it a truly monstrous, objective correlative. To an extent, the rest of the men in the film are simply less evil than he is since they're all power figures too. The feminist points imbue the movie with an aura of intellectual credibility because they make it look as if it's addressing something. However, at it's emotional and dramatic highpoint, the film doesn't criticize patriarchy as a system; it just sticks a tail on it, paints it red, and shoves a pitchfork in its hand.

Silence of the Lambs is more tasteful -- there's very little graphic gore -- and more pretentious than the run of the mill slasher flick, and in some ways it's more intelligent, but it still relies on the good and supernatural evil structure that characterizes the genre. The moral positions are set at the very beginning of the film and they never alter, overlap or become ambiguous; everyone stays neatly and conveniently in their place. *Silence of the Lambs* may look different from the regular slasher flick, but it still relies on a boogeyman.

Initial development phase



Late development phase



Fear And Loathing In The SkyDome

Sean Fisher

I was just about to write a review for this Sting concert I saw last week, when it occurred to me that I've never understood why the hell people write concert reviews anyway. What's the point? By the time you've read the review the concert is over, and the musician is long gone. I was also being constantly interrupted during the show. So rather than indulge in some verbal masturbation, I thought that the important thing to write about would be the actual experience of a Skydome concert. Unfortunately, this experience is a miserable one.

Two years ago I came to the conclusion that there was no point in going to a concert in a place the size of the Skydome. I had the same reasons most people have: I didn't want to wait in a line-up for seven hours so that I could watch a video screen two miles away. However, this time I had what I thought would be the perfect concert situation. Without ever having to stand in a line-up, I was in row seventeen on the floor. It is very difficult to get on the floor. You have to know somebody. Which I did, luckily.

The main problem with a Skydome concert is that they have this militant army of yellow sweatshirted security people. I noticed that many of them were enjoying their authority (however, I'm sure that this is not true in all cases). I saw more of these sweatshirts than I did of Sting. Every three minutes there was another one flashing their light down our aisle, checking our faces for a sign of guilt. They made sure we didn't have too much fun. If you were caught standing up and dancing, you would be blinded by a light within seconds and told to sit down. This means no dancing period, even in the aisles. The only time we were allowed to stand up was when everyone jumped up for some famous song like "Roxanne".

I'm not sure what the Skydome people were afraid of. It was a Sting concert, for Christ's sake! When was the last time you heard of a riot breaking out at a Sting concert? The Skydome management does not understand the rock concert audience and its many variations. They understand sports crowds because that is what they deal with on a week

to week basis. Rarely do they have to deal with a rock concert, and they obviously don't understand the difference between a Sting crowd and a Who crowd.

The security people were also ordered to stop the use of any drugs. There was a thorough drug check at the entrance. As I am sure you are aware, Sting's concerts have a bad reputation for massive, communal drug abuse. Some people in front of us did manage to sneak in some joints and some rum, but they were soon dealt with appropriately. The sweated gestapo was also on the lookout for smokers. Heavens! Pretty soon people will start smoking in nightclubs too.

Near the end of the concert, people started to smarten up. Instead of trying to fight it, it was better to try and enjoy the show. We all sat politely with our hands in our laps, tapping our feet to the music, humming along quietly for we wouldn't want to disturb our neighbours. A guy beside me suggested that the Skydome hand out tranquilizers to everyone as they enter. This way, you see, they would not have to hire an army of people to stop people from having fun. They would save money, and nobody would cause a ruckus.

I finally managed to watch some of the show, although I had to lean to one side to see past one of the sweatshirts who was blocking my view of the stage. There were other minor irritants. My Coke, for example, cost \$2.25 and tasted like carbonated sugar water. But the food situation at the Skydome has already been criticized dozens of times. One positive thing I noted was that the Skydome is one of the strangest but most fascinating things I have ever seen at any event. As far as I could tell, there was no echo.

I think the final problem with the show was that there was a dead crowd which Sting didn't seem to reach, although he tried. However, I have a suspicion that it wasn't the audience's fault... or Sting's.

A few days later, I attended a Blue Jays game. I felt welcome at the Skydome that day. However, I couldn't help noticing that I was surrounded by people drunk out of their senses, who were standing up and climbing out of their seats throughout the entire game. Nobody seemed to mind too much, and nobody tried to stop them.

The Innis Film Society's 1991 summer series, "There is no Motion in a Motion Picture: 40 Free Films" is presented thanks to the generosity of the following organizations: the Innis College Student Society, the University of Toronto Audio-Visual Centre, the Metropolitan Toronto Library, York University Film Library, and the German Consulate.

For more information on this series, our regular September-April presentations, or to get on our mailing list phone 978 7790. Our address is Innis Film Society, 2 Sussex Avenue, Toronto ON M5S 1J5, Canada.

All screenings take place at Innis College Town Hall. Admission is free. Innis College is located on St. George St. at 2 Sussex Ave., one block south of Bloor St. and the St. George subway station. Please note the climate in Town Hall is notoriously variable, and it is advisable to bring a sweater in case of excessive cold. All films are in 16 mm.

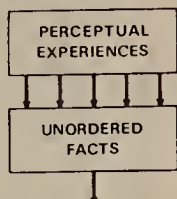
Film Diary 1990: Part Two

Brian Morgante

More on Disappointment: By rights, the disappointment of the year ought to have been *The Godfather Part III*, but press chomping of the picture's genesis had lowered expectations precipitously. Consequently, the Xmas Day opening turned out to be a minor disappointment and a confirmation; it's only a little worse than anticipated. Successive failures kept putting *Part III* back in Coppola's future. After Stallone's brief involvement was ended by public disclosure, press speculation revolved around a "next generation" lead by Michael's son with various casts usually headed by Robert Downey Jr. Those who enjoyed the allegorical aspect of *The Godfathers* felt a major change was in order; perhaps a shift to Florida drug wars, with or without the Corleones. No one expected another film centered around Al Pacino being everyone who saw *Part II* knew the dramatic arc of Michael Corleone's life was complete (and his destruction implicit in the ending). The initial news of the commencement of scriptwork on *Part III* was promising: Frank Sinatra would play a big role, Madonna would be his daughter (perhaps heading the family ala Maerose Prizzi) and perhaps O Niro as her boyfriend. Since Coppola's talent has diminished over the years (*The Outsiders*, *The Cotton Club*, *Peggy Sue Got Married*), a reliance on major-star charisma seemed both prudent -- it lightens the director's load and lessens his input -- and desirable, as star magic is relevant to 1990 the way damning corporate America was to 1974. But Coppola's judgement has curdled (proximity to his ego, perhaps?) and he nixed these plans in favor of reaching into his embattled soul for another masterpiece. The result is 160 morose, derivative, hollow minutes, and the only surprise is that Coppola has lost his skills too. Though the Capra-esque form didn't fit the story of a failure, Coppola's 1988 *Tucker* was a beautiful film. It lacked emotional weight but stylish, imaginative direction can make up for a lot. To put it mildly, *The Godfather Part III* is imperfectly crafted. The casting is erratic, the writing of the roles is more so; the plot is insufficient and the story is underdeveloped; too many scenes are a blur and the movie is much too long (for a dull reprise of *Part II*). Coppola's only accomplishment is to make depressive Michael Corleone stand-in for director Coppola and this is a dramatic mistake as it puts too passive a character at the centre. Why reproduce the trademark colour scheme of early 70s gold and brown and black -- unless it's a cynical attempt to evoke and employ nostalgia? (Don't tell me *Part III* is set in 1979; everything in the first two occurs prior to 1959).

Movies were disappointing in diverse, surprising ways. Cher's first movie since her Oscar-winning *Moonstruck* was the risky (non-formula), semi-autobiographical *Memoirs*. Cher has acknowledged that funny, girlish Mrs. Flax is her own mother, Georgia Holt (and with period hair and clothes, it's a glorious role for Cher), and Winona Ryder plays the young (prim) Cherilyn LaPierre. The two are always at odds -- they still are -- and the movie tries to show both in a positive light, so the conflicts that arise are confusing to the audience. Who is right, the earnest, conventional daughter who whines, "It's not fair," or the irrepressible, unaging mother who retorts, "Don't be a bitch"? This logical contradiction could have been the premise for a rollicking comedy but as a comedy-drama, it's unresolved. If Cher had directed this movie, and producer Patrick Palmer is vetting scripts for her directorial debut, her mixed feelings about her mother would have been the subject of a

passionate movie instead of the flaw-in-the-screenplay of an impersonally but competently directed Richard Benjamin film. Benjamin did a thoughtful job, and fine work in the drowning sequence, but he's just not a mother or a daughter. *Memoirs* is good enough that you get a sense of how great it might have been.

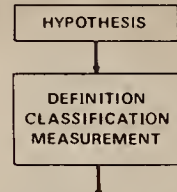


Programming Notes: Thanks to the Euclid for screening Paul Strand's 1942 *Native Land* -- a poignant reminder of an era when leftist films had an idealistic mythology, and shunned Malthus.

Thanks to Harbourfront's Free Screen for *Mala Noche*, von Sternberg's last, fascinating *Anatolian*, and Duvivier's *Panique* (which put *Monsieur Hire* in its rightful, secondary place).

Thanks also go to the Cinematheque for the the Anna Magnani series; and to the B-Movie Festival for the Ontario premiere of the Sex Pistols' movie, *The Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle*. For a student thesis film, Julien Temple demonstrated an astonishing grasp of pacing and imagery (cartoon, performance, video and fiction), yet he was wise enough to place his skills at the service of nihilistic fun. Even the Deconstructionist stuff is fun: *Swindle* is a documentary and a mock-documentary of the Pistols.

Special thanks to the AGO for four screenings of the previously-banned-Ontario 1975 version of *Saló*, even though it was a major disappointment (the rapes, torture and defeat were so poorly -- and obviously -- staged, they weren't titillating). Setting de Sade's anarchist classic in fascist Italy scrambles any meaning and proves P.P. Pasolini to be a minor figure in film history.



Irritating Oscar Residue: Robin Williams' and Billy Crystal's hip description of *Driving Miss Daisy* as the film that directed itself.

With Bruce Beresford shooting a film in Canada, this remark has made the rounds too many times. For the record: Beresford made TWO pictures in 1989. *DMD* was well-written and had Morgan Freeman, and Tandy's best-ever work but Beresford's impersonal crafts-manship made *Her Alibi* impossible to sit through (underlining the recessiveness of the two leads). Worse, Beresford was passed over in favor of two greatly talented first-time directors, Jim Sheridan and Kenneth Branagh, both of whom succeeded with far more difficult material; and the glaring omission was the director of *Drugstore Cowboy*. The fraudulent nomination for Best Director was the winner, Oliver Stone, for surfing on the images of *Born On The Fourth Of July*. Arc Williams and Crystal deeply cynical, or just so out of touch that they can't recognize when the Academy doesn't take the sentimental route?

Music And Movies, Notes:

Missed Opportunity: John Waters didn't use Paul Lekakis' "Tattoo It On Me" ("My body is a canvas and I'm ready I give me your art I destroy my sense of boundaries I and expose my wicked heart") even though Johnny Depp played *Cry-Baby*, and Waters is the one director whose movies are not harmed by anachronism and crass commercial considerations. Both projects could have benefited from a cross-promotion (and they even share the metaphor -- hard steel presses into flesh, and leaves a stain).

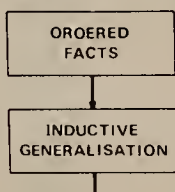
Score: Angelo Badalamenti. His moody, evocative orchestrations were one of the breakthroughs *Twin Peaks* achieved. Now that Lynch has let him into the foreground, we have greater expectations of everyone else.

Gutterboy's self-titled debut LP contains a song inspired by the best film of last year (or this year), *Let's Get Lost*. Gutterboy is the band that was featured in the exciting ad campaign for Gianni Versace earlier in the year. Those stimulated by the approach to film narrative Bruce Weber experiments with will find in Gutterboy similar relief from pop music's sterile moralism (U2, Sinead O'Connor, Sting, Tracy Chapman, Public Enemy, Springsteen).

The excessively literal-minded joked that Lekakis' "boom boom (let's go back to my room)" was ideally suited to Almodovar's *Atmel*, but they overlooked the obvious. The Europop singalong that closes that film is the single best -- stylistic AND thematic -- use of an extant song all year. I concede that Lekakis' "You Know You Want It" would have been ideal in *White Palace*.

The best song to be used in a movie this year was Chris Isaak's spooky "Wicked Game" in *Wild At Heart*. Its only stylistic purpose is the momentary resurrection of a stillborn flick, but the David Lynch-directed video is so effective, it has kick-started Isaak's career and his last LP, 1989's *Heart-Shaped World*. The next step, hopefully, is a re-release of ("Don't Make Me) Dream About You", the album's original single which failed to chart despite an astonishing b&w video directed by Bruce Weber (is it my coolly rational -- imagination or does Weber's video demonstrate Norman Mailer's notorious maxim, "It's very dangerous to stick it up a woman's ass. It tends to make them more promiscuous").

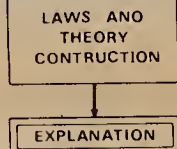
Finally, the New Kids On The Block movie has been delayed again -- this time until September 1991. While there were problems with the script that was being prepared by Michael Schiffer, who authored scripts for *Colors* and *Lean On Me*, Variety reports that the main problem was that the NKOTB "are earning too much money to take time off to make a movie": grossing \$861.7 million according to the Wall Street Journal.



Apologies are owed to Steven Spielberg, for the critical drubbing he took last year on *Always*. *Ghost*'s huge (dopey) success proved that Spielberg hasn't lost his famed acumen, and the picture's limps made one think longingly of the redemptive powers of a couple of well-shot aerial sequences.

Conflict Of Interest: Their views were always negligible but this year Siskel and Ebert compromised that last shred of credibility. On their TV specials, *S & E Look At The Movies*, etc., the disputatious duo have started featuring cameo appearances by famous names, recalling favourite videos or whatever, in order to boost ratings. Evidently Siskel and Ebert don't understand the problem these favours create, but then years of safe fearlessness does destroy judgement. James Agee coined the term "safe fearlessness" in the late forties, but in his life he never saw so heinous an example as *S & E* fervently denouncing "unnecessary violence in children's movies" (*S & E* are 100% in favour of apple pie but ONLY if it is part of a balanced diet and consumed in accordance with a dental hygiene program).

The NHL Speaks Favoursites among National Hockey League players included *Ghost*, for story, *Home Alone* and *Kindergarten Cop*, for those with children, *Marked For Death* (Steven Seagal is the NHL's favourite action star), and *Pretty Woman* (Julia Roberts is the star NHL players most want to see in action) while those who came up through the college hockey ranks keep their enthusiasm for *Goodfellas* to themselves. Without question the top favourite was *Dances With Wolves*, which was so appreciated some players are willing to sit through the 3-hour show a second time -- all the more surprising since the most disliked movie, *Edward Scissorhands*, was such a long 105 minutes, some players walked out.



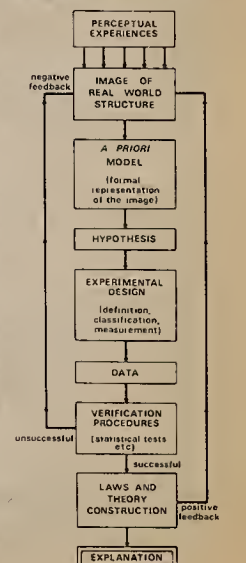
Kinetic 'Action': This is the one area of the industry where 1990 may have been decisive. The year's two big winners are Arnold Schwarzenegger and Steven Seagal. *Total Recall* was a huge hit and deserved to be: a good cross-genre idea (sci-fi/action via Philip K. Dick), imaginatively made and very well directed (by Paul Verhoeven). Schwarzenegger's second smash, *Kindergarten Cop*, was surprisingly enjoyable (Ivan Reitman directed) and had "legs" -- ongoing appeal, proof that Arnie is not just an action spectacle-opening weekend wonder. Steven Seagal, on the other hand, is the thinking man's action star. *Hard To Kill* and *Marked For Death* were both big hits and terrific movies. The reasons for their success are indicative of the mood of the audience. By pushing formula elements to the extremes -- diabolical, happily evil, drug-peddling villains versus modest, ordinariness-personified Seagal -- get inside people's emotions. Screwface is a real threat to white North American culture, and he feels "foreign": no formula pictures have attracted such loyalty since Don Siegel's 1971 *Dirty Harry* (I won't comment on the historical parallels, though I would recommend that the Democrats not nominate in 1992 a candidate who boasts of being a "card-carrying member of the ACLU"). The other noteworthy aspect of the Seagal pictures is that they confirm a rightward shift in the audience's aesthetics. The box office enthusiasm signals the public's acceptance of villains as being "evil" instead of "socially disadvantaged". (Come to think of it, Seagal's two movies have a more just claim to be the inheritors of Jacobean drama than Peter Greenaway in *The Cook, The Thief*.) Even if you disagree

with Seagal's politics -- which aren't all that clear as his first film, *Above The Law*, slanted left attacking rogue CIA activities -- responsiveness to changing audiences is a virtue.

Last year's Best Action Star fell to third place this year. Owing to calendar considerations, Jean-Claude Van Damme appeared in only one picture this year, *Death Warrant*, which was a pretty good effort. The downside is that *Death Warrant* and his January 1991 *Lionheart* were released with major studio backing yet failed to draw better than his independent productions. His upcoming *Universal Soldier*, a big budget pic co-starring Dolph Lundgren, will test JCVD's ability to breakout of the martial-arts/fantasy-action subdivision. There is no shame if he cannot move on to a broader audience however, for there's room enough in the industry for a boyish Belgian with a firm body (and an air of ambiguity).

There is only bad news for aging action veterans Chuck Norris and Clint Eastwood. Norris' *Delta Force 2* was his first film in quite a while and was met with total disinterest. Eastwood directed the flat *White Hunter, Black Heart*, and himself portrayed John Huston, but he couldn't manage to present a consistent characterization. The weak box office returns of Eastwood's "commercial" movie, *The Rookie*, was more surprising but then his other recent genre films disappointed as well (*Dead Pool*, *Pink Cadillac*). Though Action's most dependable star for two decades appears to be used up, the health of the genre seems assured as kids (and adults) made *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles* an enormous hit. Dolph's lone movie, the pleasing *I Come In Peace*, wasn't widely distributed -- and *The Punisher* sits in the vaults -- and so his standing cannot be discerned.

Movie Book Of The Year: Sam by Bruce Weber. A slim but supremely romantic photo essay on playwright/actor/screenwriter/director Sam Shepard. In 25 tough, realistic photographs, Weber pulls off a small miracle. In Weber's rigorous star, the more closely the camera scrutinizes Shepard's face -- the lines, the chipped tooth -- the more iconic and remote he becomes. Beauty recedes into anthropology which becomes Art history. (Of course, if you disagree with my aesthetic stance, then Cindy Sherman's *Untitled Film Stills* is the movie book of the year -- though, personally, I'd walk out of the movies posited in her photographs).



Neil Young Goes Hollywood, Eh?

Chris Hunter

Valentine's Day - how appropriate for a Neil Young show at the Gardens. I reflected on this two weeks after the show, and the "morning after" (actually the night after. I haven't seen a morning in a while. Don't we all love reading week?). an all-you-can-drink armoury party to support the troops. So bear with me... but not because I'm writing with a hangover. That really doesn't make a difference. None of my profs seem to have noticed, anyway... bear with me because I haven't written anything in two years. Oh sure, I've slaved furiously at four in the morning many a time this year to churn out dozens of "narratives" (I took last year off, thank God), but I mean I haven't written anything important in two years. Not that a review of Neil Young is fucking earth-shaking. You know what I mean anyway.

It also seems appropriate that I'm fresh from a "support the troops" piss-up. Neil Young's show had political undertones. An acoustic American national anthem, which I took as a show of Neil's solidarity and support for the Allies' struggle to free Kuwait, opened the show, as a large prop microphone tied with a yellow ribbon rose from the stage, spoolit. This was the only thing that bothered me about the show... why not play the Canadian anthem? Maybe he was trying to drive home a point, but wouldn't the message have been as clear if he'd played "O Canada"? Why not play both? A show of patriotism in a country as patriotically embarrassed as ours would have hit home, and I think all the people in the aisles waving Canadian flags would have felt a little more comfortable.

The show's power almost made up for its impersonality. I was really hyped-up before the show. I'd heard Q's promo spots saying stuff like, "Neil's back to play his hometown". Well, you'd never have known it from his performance. He went to high school here for Chrissake, and he didn't even say "it's good to be back". In fact, he didn't say anything. No between-set chatter, nothing. He could've been playing Bumfuck, USA for all the attention

he paid to the crowd. To think, being the romantic that I am, I thought he might play "Helpless"... But as I said, his incredible energy very nearly made up for his (maybe unconscious, or am I giving him too much credit?) snub.

At the concert, the comment "lots of new stuff" was actually meant to be derogative; I heard a surprisingly small number of the older fans griping, and they were right - there was lots of "new" stuff, but at a Neil Young show, "new" means any tunes put out in the last five years. This gave the show an unexpected, rockier edge. Only he could have pulled it off. It was as if the fans were too caught up in the earnest, non-stop energy to bitch about him overlooking whole sections of his important solo work. Blown away, they were left wandering out after the show, dazed, muttering, "Gee... I wish he'd played 'Ohio'". I sympathize with Neil Young. When you're playing with an actual billed band (like Crazyhorse), and not some back-up musicians, you can't just go onstage and showcase your own stuff. There was clearly an obligation to play the harder new Crazyhorse stuff, and there's nothing wrong with that. It was smokin'. It definitely was not mellow.

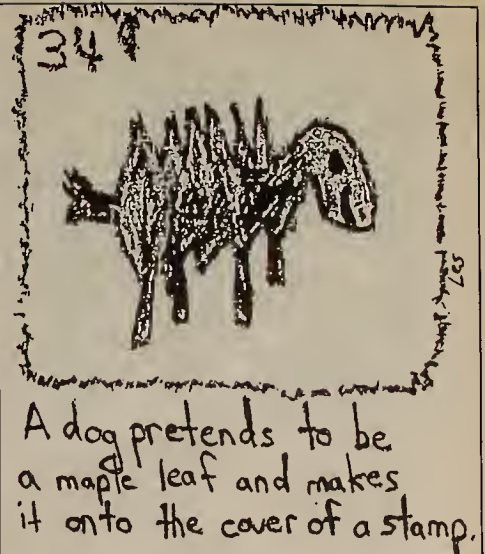
Lyrics took on new political meaning -- "Keep on rockin' in the free world" and "Only love can break it down", for example. Unfortunately, the lyrics of one of his new songs are undermining its exposure. Taking on the sponsors again (as he did in the hilarious "This note's for you" vid, where the chick licks up the spilled Obsession), he wonders, "Why do I keep fucking up?" It's a great song live too, but the public who deserve to hear it won't, because radio sponsors are too chicken-shit to pay for its airtime. At least he didn't compromise. Fuckin' right, if I do say so myself. The peace sign was pretty popular that night. He did a memorable version of Dylan's "Blowin' in the wind". If that's not political, I don't know what is. It was a simple, personal cover, and again, something only he could pull off. My dad would love it.

The crowd went nuts during tunes like "Cinnamon Girl" and "...Into

the Black" (medley), for obvious reasons. Crazyhorse were enjoying playing their own stuff, and it showed. That was the key to the whole concert's success: Neil Young and Crazyhorse really did their best, and they were proud of their work. The crowd got to hear the old faves they craved. They got to scream "dancel!" And the band felt vindicated, that their old stuff was still valued. The stage effects and lighting were entirely appropriate. I heard someone say that they heard the effects were "boring" (I have yet to hear anyone who was actually at the show slag it off), but what the hell? As if Neil Young is going to have an exploding pyrotechnic fireshow. There was enough smoke in the Gardens already.

The prop Marshall stacks were used to tease the audience (their huge prop cases with huge "Air Canada" stickers on them almost came down to cover the prop stacks, until the crowd went wild) before the encore. The show, unfortunately, ended too fast, although it went a bit late. There were just too many songs left unplayed... mainly because Sonic Youth wasted time bullshitting about how their guitarist "slam dances on peoples' heads". Hyuk! I think Social Distortion would know a bit more about that, even though their lead singer has started wearing eye make-up and now looks like Liberace, and their new single is lyrically crappy. I was really surprised about that, but all the same, I guess Sonic Youth wins the crap award for their "way cool" (I just heard the chick with the poodle hair on Entertainment Tonight use that expression) lyric, "I don't wanna, I don't think so". You don't wanna what? Get off the stage so Neil Young can come on? Well, tough shit.

The above-mentioned line-up probably contributed to Neil Young's more aggressive show. He wouldn't have wanted to follow two "hardcore" (but not as hardcore as, say, Sacred Reich, Samhein, or even Motorhead) bands, and come off as a mellowing old man. He had to prove that he could rock as hard as the next guy, and he did it. I gotta tell you though, I really missed the harmonies....

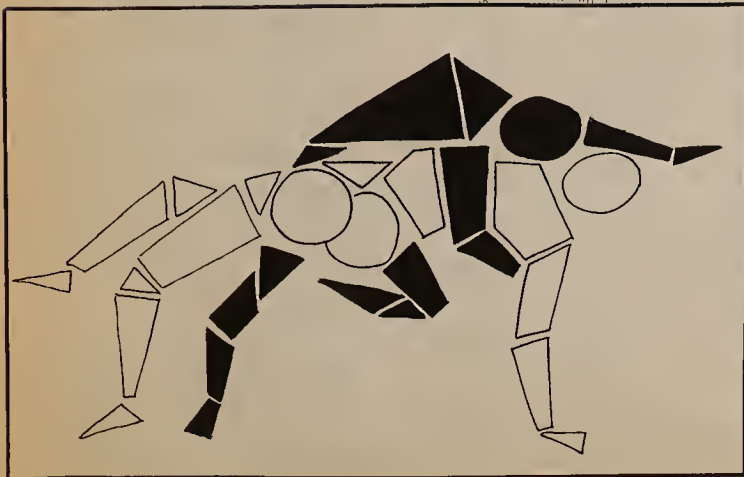
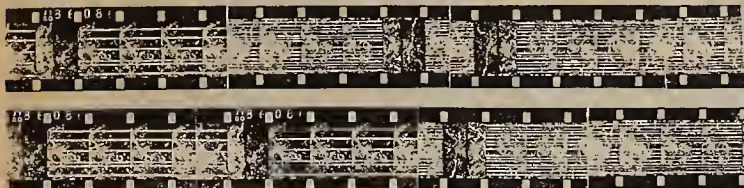


Guilty By Distortion

Brian Morgante

To veteran producer-turned-auteur Irwin Winkler, "fictionalized account of the communist witch hunt" means falsifying and simplifying. Some history is in order: centering the movie around a director's travails misrepresents the situation because, directors were right-wing while at its peak, 25% of the Screen Writers Guild were Communist Party members. The film presents most of the 'hunted' as having only a casual or humanitarian interest in politics (attending peace rallies, sending canned food to Russia); in fact, the strident Party-run Guild set up committees of "responsible" i.e. communist writers to "educate" the "irresponsible" i.e. non-communist writers. This duplicity is the worst part of *Guilty By Suspicion*, for those blacklisted were neither innocent nor progressive. The H.U.A.C. committee demanded detailed personal histories as recitation was the only way to get the witnesses to admit and acknowledge what they had done (and dissimulation was Communist Party policy throughout this period). They were strident Stalinists who hewed

to the Party line after the 1937-8 Moscow show trials, the Hitler-Stalin Pact, the second and final collapse of the Popular Front/People's War and the onset of the Cold War. These people also harshly denounced those independent leftists (Edmund Wilson, Mary McCarthy etc.) who wouldn't whitewash Stalin's crimes. When called before H.U.A.C. to account for their outrageous programme, they lied, equivocated, claimed to be non-political and yet insisted that they were principled scapegoats. Winkler fails to make clear that the defence for the blacklisted lies in their being denied employment for participating in activities that were never illegal, not in their being innocent of the political charges made against them. It is false to portray the struggle as one between Left and Right or conservatives and liberals, for arrayed against the blacklistees were the Right, the centre, anti-communist liberals and independent leftists. This configuration explains why the blacklist was so effective.



Green Plan 101: The Mid-Term Report

It's about time the administration got a mid-term report. The University of Toronto has had five months to implement the recommendations found in the "University of Toronto Green Master Plan: Recommendations for Change". To evaluate their progress, the OPIRG environment group, who released the Plan with the help of the U of T Environmentalist Coalition, has compiled a scorecard: "Green Plan 101: the U of T's Mid-term Report".

The OPIRG group interviewed many people in many different administrative positions. From the compilation of this information, grades of A, B, C, D or F were given depending on the progress in each area of potential improvement. Grades are based on the following scheme:

- A -- Significant effort; excellent results.
- B -- Good effort; working towards goal.
- C -- Awareness and desire to change; slight attempt made, but no driving force to overcome obstacles; sparse results.
- D -- Awareness of issue, desire to change; inadequate attempt made; no results.
- F -- No awareness; or, awareness, but no desire to change.

Recommendation	Comments	Mark
Reduction and Reuse: Office paper use should be drastically reduced.	Despite marginal effort to reduce consumption, the Purchasing Dept has not reduced the amount of paper ordered.	D
Circulation numbers of campus publications should be reviewed and reduced if production exceeds demand.	The Waste Reduction Advisory Group (WRAG) recycling committee has set up a consultative process with the publications to seek co-operative ways to reduce production.	B+
A Swap shop should be re-established on campus.	Facilities and services have planned and found a location, but have not yet allocated personnel nor set a time-line.	B
Recycling: Lobby the City of Toronto to initiate a campus-wide recycling programme for newspapers, cans, bottles and plastics. Lobby Metro to include Queen's Park and St George St. in the third phase of its recycling programme (blue igloos).	These programmes will be complete with the two igloos (soon to be three) and the five recycling depots (soon to be twelve) across campus. The Metro ban on dumping recyclables has made U of T look into office sized recycling receptacles.	A-
Composting on the Scarborough and Erindale campuses should begin immediately.	At Scarborough only the Garden Club does some informal composting. Cafeterias are renegotiating a will contract.	N/A
Hazardous and Toxic Substances: A chemical exchange programme for professors and departments should be established.	A process for exchange programme has been established; the first inventory list is to be distributed in March. But the use of the programme has not been made mandatory.	B
Alter purchasing practices so that only non-hazardous cleansers are used at U of T.	Having tried some alternative cleansers, U of T maintains a policy of sparkling cleanliness, submitting to unlightened complaints about cosmetics. Using elbow grease is not favoured.	F
Energy Conservation: Install a cogeneration system of energy production on the downtown campus.	A cogeneration system at the Central Steam Heating plant on Russel Street has been approved by the business board of Governing Council, to be started in the late fall of 1992.	A
Extend or eliminate the five year payback policy.	The cogeneration system shows that U of T has overstepped its unbending five year payback policy. Savings from the facility will pay it back over a ten year period.	N/A
Food Issues: U of T should: ensure the purchase of organic foods; buy products that are produced and imported by companies that assure the health and prosperity of their workers; ensure that all produce is washed carefully with a mild, non-hazardous detergent and peeled when feasible; ensure that all cafeterias do not use synthetic chemical preservatives or chemical food additives.	The University refuses to take any responsibility for these issues. They do not believe that these are factors in their contract negotiations with Marriot, Beaver or other caterers. U of T is not demanding ethical or environmental improvements from their food suppliers; therefore, these companies are not induced to change their practices.	F
Mug Campaign: Declare Simcoe Hall a disposable-free zone while encouraging individual faculties and depts to do the same.	Simcoe Hall has all but eliminated disposable cups. Work on bulk sugar and cream dispensers is the next step.	B
Eliminate disposables on campus within five years.	No long-term effort, as of yet, has been made. No process is envisioned.	F

Information compiled by OPIRG and UTEC

U. of T.

RECYCLES PAPER



DO YOU ?

CONTACT
U. OF T. ENVIRONMENTALIST COUNCIL

Your Guide to Upcoming Career Centre Events April/May

Fri. Apr. 5	"How to Find A Summer Job" 10am-12pm. Pre-register at the Summer desk
Mon. Apr. 17	"How to Find A Summer Job" 2-4pm Pre-register at the Summer desk
Tues. Apr. 23	"How to Find A Summer Job" 2-4pm Pre-register at the Summer desk
Wed. May 1	"How to Find A Summer Job" 10am-12pm. Pre-register at the Summer desk
Mon. May 6	Career Puzzle: Piecing It All Together 1-4pm. Pre-register at the Counselling office.
Tues. May 7	Job Search Techniques Workshop 10am-12:30pm Part 1 of 4; Parts 2, 3, 4 on May 9, 14, 16. Pre-register at the Counselling Office.
Wed. May 15	Career Puzzle: Piecing It All Together 10am-4pm. Pre-register at the Counselling office.
Fri. May 17	"How to Find A Summer Job" 10am-12pm. Pre-register at the Summer desk
Tues. May 21	Job Search Techniques Workshop 10am-12:30pm Part 1 of 4; Parts 2, 3, 4 on May 22, 23, 24. Pre-register at the Counselling office

Career Centre
214 College Street
Koffler Student Services Centre

Herald History

The following extracts have been unceremoniously yanked from previous issues of the INNIS HERALD, without permission or a by-your-leave, and that's a fine how-do-you-do.

Dear Editors,

I just have two words to say to you: stop printing this shit.

Jimmy Hoffa

Good day,

This policy of picking on Paul Della Penna must end! I want no more talk about him looking like the Devil, as he is a warm and wonderful human being; writes stirring, heartfelt reviews; and fucks like a beast.

I thank you
Karen Haberman

Dear Herald Editor:

Who the hell writes all these godawful letters to the editor?

Herald Editor

Dear Herald Editor:

I do, mostly.

Herald Editor

Dear Readers:

We're sick of making up letters. It's boring. You're boring. Why don't you write some real letters? Bored,
the Editburo

Letters from the Editor's Mother



Dear Jenny,

It's about the OJ. Are you aware of what is happening? We are being asked to decide if we want "more pulp" or "less pulp" in our orange juice. Do you know where this can lead? Soon we'll be asked if we want "too much pulp" or "not enough pulp", and then perhaps "only pulp" or "no pulp". Is there not trouble enough in the world without something like this coming along, and us barely into 1989?

Disconnected,

Judy.

Dear Mom,

There certainly is enough trouble in the world without having to worry about the degree of pulpiness in your OJ. You are right once again. But lest we forget, pulp has been with us as long as oranges. Who can forget the pulp novels of the thirties and forties? Pulp is healthy even when it contains lewd scenes. The Postman Always Rings Twice was great pulp but also great art. And since we can always use more great art, as well as more juice, the answer is simple. Yes, please "more pulp". "Only pulp?" well, chew an orange. And no pulp is like going through life with binders on. Sorry, I meant blinders.

send PJ's

love
Jenny

HERMENEUTICS / DUCKS ISSUE

Fuzz Says: THIS ISSUE OF THE HERALD SUCKS.

Circle Jerk

Steve Gravestock

Several years ago, I got into an argument about Woody Allen with one of his fans. I complained that Allen's latest film - Broadway Danny Rose I think - wasn't very funny and generally rather lame. He told me that I had to go beyond the funny stuff and get to the 'art' of Woody Allen. Sadly, irony was not in the air.

Artists don't usually get the audiences they deserve or require - people that see both their strengths and their flaws. Hitchcock got pseudo-intellectuals as demented as he was and Bergmann got pseudo-intellectuals almost as pretentious and probably more repressed than he was. Woody Allen is no exception to the rule. He has a

fiercely loyal, extremely elitist following which considers its attendance at his films proof of its taste. Members of Allen's audience wouldn't be caught dead at Amy Heckerling's Look Who's Talking or Cameron Crowe's Say Anything which are vastly superior to anything Allen has done since Hannah and Her Sisters. A former member of the military tells me that those employed by that corporation sometimes engage in a circle jerk. Basically, they whack off on to a cracker (don't ask me how this works) and the last one to finish eats it. Sometimes, when I go to a Woody Allen movie, I feel like I'm at a big, ritualistic circle jerk. Only the audience doesn't compete. It waits for Allen to finish and then eats the cracker. Rapturously, ecstatically.



Mindless Propinquity



Crapping

Crapping on
Jim

Crapping on
Art

Woah

Unhealthy

Rectum? Damn Near Killed Him!

The Paper with a Modicum of Satorial Elegance



FUZZ SAY

Whoopie Ding Dong Shit

OTHELLO BAWDERIZED

Found Art: What would happen if you edited Shakespeare's *Othello* and rearranged the lines just a little bit...
Emilia: Ha?
Cassio: Ha, Ha, Ha, Hal
Othello: So, so, so, so.
Cas: Ha, Ha, Hal
Oth: O Iago!
Oth: Cuckold me!
Oth: Excellent good!
Oth: I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.
Iago: Ay, too gentle.
Iago: You are a fool. Go to.
Oth: O, pardon me, 'twill do me good to walk.
Iago: I have rubbed this young quat almost to the sense and he grows angry.
Iago: Lend me a garter.

Iago: These are the fruits of whoring.
Oth: Humh.
What? Now?
Oth: That? What?
Oth: O! O! O! (Falls on the bed.)
Iago: Zounds! Hold your peace!
Iago: Villainous whore.
Oth: Naked as I am, I will assault thee.
Oth: Whip me, ye devils!
Iago: To love the Moor!
Oth: Strumpet, I come!
Iago: For shame, put on your gown.
Oth: What is the matter, think you?
Iago: He's married.
Oth: Her father loved me! Goats and monkeys!

KAREN HABERMAN IS A HOT BITCH. -- PAUL DELLA PENNA

GORN

FRONTAL OF GORN

GORN WITH HORN

FORLORN GORN

HENRY METAL GORN

innis film society

The City Symphony I

Thursday, April 11, 1991, 7:00 pm

Man with the Movie Camera, Dziga Vertov, 1929, 96 min., b&w, silent (16FPS).

"Pushing beyond the disclosure of filmmaking techniques, Vertov has abandoned the didactic for the maieutic, rendering causality visible. Now it is the most general characteristic of adult logic as distinguished from that of children, to be reversible. The logico-mathematical operations characteristic of adults are, as we know, interiorized actions, reversible in that each operation involves a counteroperation--as in addition and subtraction. We must, then, looking at *The Man with the Movie Camera*, see, in that eye reflected by the camera lens, Vertov as defining--through the systematic subversion of the certitudes of illusion--a threshold in the development of consciousness. 'Rendering uncertainty more certain,' he invited the camera to come of age, transforming with a grand cartesian gesture, *The Man with the Movie Camera* from a Magician into an Epistemologist." (Annette Michelson)

Robert Gardner

Wednesday, April 17, 1991, 7:00 pm

Dead Birds, Robert Gardner, 1964, 83 min., colour, sound.

"Robert Gardner's *Dead Birds* was but one result of a joint expedition of social scientists, naturalists, and photographers to study the relatively untouched culture of the Dani, a people of the Baliem Valley in the Central Highlands of New Guinea..."

"*Dead Birds* attempts to view the culture from the perspective of ritual warfare, the dominant preoccupation of the people, which Gardner feels colors every other aspect of their lives. Gardner says he chose to go among the Dani because of his interest in ritual warfare, and he claims that the film is a personal response to what he found. Such a position tends to disarm criticism, but the film is clearly meant as a more definitive statement than this would imply. It is an attempt to find within a culture a central core of meaning which defines its entire outlook. Among the Dani, Gardner finds this expressed in a fable of mortality and immortality where men share the fate of birds, which in their inability to shed their skins like snakes are denied eternal life. As in the myth of the fall of man, freedom is intimately associated with vulnerability. Man must pay for his brief glory with his life." (David MacDougall)

The Nuer, Robert Gardner and Hilary Harris, 1971, 75 min., colour, sound.

The Nuer presents the most important relationships and events in the lives of the Nuer, Nilotic people in Sudan and on the Ethiopian border. It demonstrates the vital significance of cattle and their central importance in all Nuer thought and behaviour.

Chabrol's *Les Biches*

Wednesday, April 24, 1991, 7:00 pm

Les Biches, Claude Chabrol, 1968, 99 min., colour, sound.

"*Les Biches* marks the beginning of a new simplicity in Chabrol's work, both in plot and stylistically. Gone are the Hitchcockian 'effects' of some of the early films (e.g. *A Double Town*); the helicopter shots of the spy films. Watching these later works, one is reminded above all of Lang..." (Robin Wood and Michael Walker)

The City Symphony II

Wednesday, May 1, 1991, 7:00 pm

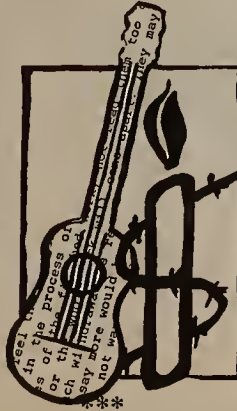
Berlin, Symphony of a Great City, Walter Ruttmann, 1927, 53 min., b&w, silent (24FPS).

KRÖS'WÜRD'

1. WHAT SOME STUDENTS WHO DON'T KNOW ANY BEER MIGHT ACTUALLY DO THIS YEAR
7. MRS CORLEONE
9. SOMEONE WHO KNOWS WHAT THEIR DOING
12. GLOW
14. DOC
15. DAIN
17. JETSON BOY
18. WINGED PREDATOR OF LYACH MOB
20. SMALL BODY IN OUTER SPACE
24. HEIFER HELLO
26. AWAKE
28. THEREFORE
29. SPINAL TAP'S WENT TO ELEVEN
30. SWINDLE
32. WITHOUT HIM THERE'D BE NO EASTER BUNNY
34. A DESCENDENT
35. THE BALD KING WHO DIED OF CAVER (MONOGRAM)
36. FOOTNOTE SHORTFORM
37. WHAT YOU PUT THE THREAD THROUGH
40. QUEEN'S INITIALS ON COMMONWEALTH COINS
43. BOB + DOUG'S FAVE
44. RUB _____ (3 MEN IN A TUB)
47. BIG CHEESE SOVEREIGN
49. FROST
52. NOT APPLICABLE
53. IN THE HOLE IN THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA THERE'S A BUMP ON THIS
54. WHEN SIN WAR'S OCCURRED
57. TO A SMALLER EXTENT, AMOUNT OR DEGREE
58. SEE SO DOWN
59. HAVIL
60. A SOMEWHAT ELONGATED TWO VALVE SEED VESSEL
61. EACH
64. HE HOSTED THE AWARDS
65. A LITTLE BETTER THAN SPAGHETTIOS BUT NOWHERE NEAR AS GOOD AS BEEFARONI

Amnesty International presents second annual poetry reading and Latin American Folk Music Night

Featuring:
MARCELO PUENTE
NAZKA



Friday
April 12
8:00pm

Innis Pub
2 Sussex Ave.
(1 block south
of Bloor & St.
George)

5\$ cover
proceeds to Amnesty
International Group 83

DOWN

1. WHAT YOUR BRAIN IS MADE OF
2. SKETCHED
3. INITIALS OF THE FILM CO. FORMED BY MARY PICKFORD AND PALS
4. SUMMER DRINK
5. WHAT HAPPENS IF YOU THROUST THE PINBALL MACHINE TOO HARD
6. WHAT MARK ANTHONY WANTED TO BORROW
7. OPENERS
8. ONE MORE OF THESE AND YOU COULD WALK THE DOG
9. B.M. IS CANADA'S
10. NEGLIGENT
11. COCAINE RISE
13. 'L'CHAIM' IS ONE
16. WHAT DUKE SHOTS WELL
19. THE WORST ANGEL
21. DIPLOMACY
22. CIRCLE RESEARCHER MR. _____ TATE
23. TO BESTOW EXCESSIVE LOVE OR FONDNESS REGULAR
26. MANTRA
27. IF YOU GOT YOURS IN THE LAST FIVE YEARS, CHANCES ARE IT WARELES.
31. HALF THE WIDTH OF AN EM
33. AS ABOVE
38. SWONER
39. BUGS
41. WHAT 47 ACROSS DOES
43. READY
43. SURFING SONGSTERS SOUGHT SALVATION FROM HER
45. SALK
46. PART OF THE BODY THAT YOU FURROW
48. CHARLIE BROWN IS A PERPETUAL ONE
50. THE MULTIPLIED BY 58 ACROSS IS THIS
51. SILVER (CHEM.)
54. CASH
55. WHERE IT IS IS WHERE IT'S _____
56. AIM
57. _____ AND BEHOLD
60. EVERY LETTER SHOULD HAVE ONE
62. SUN GOD
63. ARMY GUY

